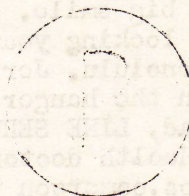




THE

PALMYRA GAZETTE



No. 7

April 9, 1949.

Last Monday morning an Army C-46 started the week off for us by landing here at 5.15 A.M. on the way to Samoa.

The NC 65 followed it and landed here a little after 4 P.M. with the largest load of cargo for Palmyra, since the Christmas trip in 1947. (This may have been the largest, as the 65 has been remodeled since the 1947 trip.) There were fewer passengers this trip than usual, but they were all V.I.Ps.

They were all very important and anxiously awaited for by someone here. Heading the list was, Station Manager, Bob Hall, who attended the Station Managers conference in Honolulu and then took a well earned rest. Palmyra and Esquires (or is it Vogue?) young man about town, William C. Vosquier III returned after a business trip to the Big City up North. Mrs. Keith Cornell, had three vips waiting for her here. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Pollard, returned from a confined business and pleasure trip. Adam Hoffman did not get much of a vacation as the most of the time he was in Honolulu was spent in the hospital recovering from an auto accident. Gordon L. Lind, arrived to join the MTIC's crew and Walter I Omar, joins P&S Maint. crew as the second electrician. He is a former C.A.A. employee and also a former school teacher.

Mr. Cy Little, Chief Comm. Maint. Division and Mr Bruce from the Comm. Engineering Division were among the passengers who stopped over here this trip.

Dr.S.M.K. Ihu and Mr. Robert T. Mukuni, from the Territorial Board of Health, in Honolulu, arrived for a check on the rats and Mosquitoes. They were passengers on the NC65 when it returned to The Big City.

The regular Navy plane arrived Tuesday A.M. with considerable mail, and a number of packages which Mrs. Cornell had not been able to get on N.C.65.

Shortly after 9 A.M. the 65 departed for Canton Island.

Wednesday the Navy plane made the return trip to Honolulu and Thursday afternoon the N.C.65 returned from Canton Island, picking up the men from the Main office and the Doctors. Mr. and Mrs. Flemming were also outgoing passengers. He was going up to the Big City for medical treatment

"MRS. ROBINSON CRUSOE"

by; Idelle S. Mong.

Published in Wide World, July 1925. London, England.

A bride of only four months standing, Mrs. Mong accompanied her husband to the loneliest islands in the Pacific - a little known group of uninhabited atolls lying only a few feet above sea level and a thousand miles from the nearest land. Here with two men, three rabbits, and a dog "Friday" she lived for eleven months, meeting with experiences that make most fascinating reading. (Note : The Editor is in error in his comment. Palmyra Islands are only some seventy five to two hundred miles from many islands held by Great Britain, such as Christmas, Fanning, Washington, etc.)

Late in the afternoon of October 21, 1920, the last of our stores, with our canoe and small power boat, were packed aboard the Sanve Maru, a Japanese sampan or fishing boat which my husband had chartered to take us to our wee domain out in the Pacific.

As the sampan was built for fishing, there was no cabin accommodations, so we moved our double mattress on top of the engine house. With a tarpauline tied closely over a ridge pole above our heads to protect us from the sun and the rain, we lived, slept, and ate in that close cubbyhole for the rest of the voyage.

Save for a shower or two, the days and nights passed uneventfully until the morning of the sixth day. Then, early in the forenoon we began to meet great flocks of birds.

I kept keenly on the lookout for signs of land, and was rewarded after an hour or more by being the first to make out a dim distant outline on the horizon. I yelled, and was joined by the skipper who had also seen the hazy object in the far distance. All eyes strained towards the grey smudge ahead, which gradually took on the outline of waving palms. At last we were approaching Palmyra, and would presently drop anchor off her emerald crescent. How I thrilled at the thought of landing on this coconut clad atoll. Soon it lay before my eyes, calm, peaceful and beautiful.

to be continued next week

HERE AND THERE.

Charlie and Gregory Snyder, dressed up in new suits heading for the school house. Bill Vosper heading for the power house wearing a big smile. Dusty Haller out with David and looking years younger, since her trip to Honolulu. Jerry Blummer setting up a ladder in the hanger while over his head a sign read, LINE SERVICE. The two visiting Board of Health doctors,, starting out with nets, traps, camerson their Big Game hunting expedition in the wilds of Palmyra. Keith with the Mrs. and children, heading across the causeway. Mrs. Roberts out with Jean and Tarzen for their daily ride in their little wagon. Frank Haller staning on a log, feeding the fish, a hook full at a time. Looks good seeing Bob Hall out on the line at plane departures. Looks like the hanger will soon be ready for posters of the GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH or the familar Bull Durham sign which used to be painted on old fashioned barns. The ladies all excited over the THOUGHT of Fresh Vegetables brought in on H.C.65. George Avery with his radio, hunting the trouble that has spoiled radio reception on all bands.

Part No.4

TAMERS OF THE BLUE PACIFIC.

From the Sunday Polynesian of January 2, 1949.

Several years before the war, University workers imported tomato seeds from many parts of the world, searching for a strain that could withstand the virus. Thin keen-eyed Tex Frazier, and his assistant, Kazuo Kikuta, experimented endlessly, cross-pollinating thousands of varieties which they ruthlessly planted among virus infested wood-plots scattered throughout the islands. For five years not one survived the ravaging assaults of the disease.

One day in September, 1942 the two men started in their usual rounds at red-soiled Waipahu, 20 miles from Honolulu, to check on a cross between a California plant and a tomato from Peru. They could hardly believe what they saw. While other varieties nearby lay wilted to death, this one stood green and flourishing like a strong brother to the woods. Eagerly, they transplanted the slips, and carefully nurtured them through the weeks until fruiting time. To their dismay, although the vines vigourously resisted the virus, they failed to produce any tomatoes!

Nevertheless, the agriculturists knew they were on the right track. They crossed this variety with types famous for their productivity and in 1943 evolved one which bore bountifully in low areas. The new tangy fruit, bursting with juice, was named the "Pearl Harbor".

The rosy Pearl Harbor tomato became an exciting topic of conversation in Hawaii. It came just in time to do an admirable war job. It saved thousands of cubic feet of precious shipping space and contributed richly to the diet of the millions of men on installations in Hawaii and passing through its staging area. This tomato, planted in the front line helped feed fighting men in Guadalcanal, New Guinea, Saipan, and other islands of the far Pacific.

To be continued next week.

Vital Statistic Changes.

For those of you who want to keep track of our population in between the regular reports, you can add the following figures to the previous totals. 1 Woman, 7 Men, 1 dog or really a BLACK Pup. 10 more chickens. Waters reports there has also been an increase in the rabbit population. Due to the fact that the crabs like fresh meat there will be any report the young rabbits at this time.

The Editor, was visited by a number of the younger set, headed by Pauline Watson. They were a little put out that I had not sent Pete, the nunch bird to cover Master Nortons Birthday Party. I would have been glad to send him if I had known about it in time. I did not learn about the party, until a few minutes before the children started out for the Aerology swimming pool and picnic grounds.

From all reports the party was a huge success and a grand time was had by all the children. HAPPY BIRTHDAY Eugene.

Last week our April fool story was about a little black dog discovering Pirate Gold. This week, a little black pup leads Violet Pollard on to discover a ripe tomato, growing in the wilds of Palmyra. Sure she may have been out giving him some exercise, BUT, if had not been for him, she might not have made the discovery.

How the plant escaped being destroyed by the crabs is a mystery. The Palmyra Nursery and Orchid Shopoooo has had a lot of crab trouble lately. They have been eating the Tahitian taro and anthuriums as fast as young shoots appear.

Be sure in planting your papaya trees to put them in locations where the direct and unfiltered wind from the beach can hit them. The wind carries a considerable amount of salt spray and unless it is filtered through the palm trees which seem to pick up the salt spray, the papaya trees may bloom but there will be no fruit. The Papaya trees finally die from the effects of the salt spray.